As heauen had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to inceſt did prouoke:
Bad childe, worſe father, to entice his owne.
To euill ſhould be done by none:
But cuſtome, what they did begin,
Was with long vſe, accounted no ſinne,
The beauty of this ſinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thether frame,
To ſeeke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleaſures, play-fellow:
Which to preuent, he made a Law,
To keepe her ſtill, and men in awe,
That who ſo askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, loſt his life:
So for her many of wight did die,
As yon grim lookes do teſtifie.
What enſues to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cauſe, who beſt can iuſtifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you haue at large receiued
The danger of the taske you vndertake.

Per. I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a ſoule emboldned
With the glory of her praiſe, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Muſicke bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, euen of *Ioue* himſelfe;
At whoſe conception, till *Lucina* reigned,
Nature this dowry gaue, to glad her preſence,
The Senate houſe of Planets all did fit,
To knit in her their beſt perfections.

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where ſhe comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her ſubiects, and her thoughts the King,
Of euery vertue giues renowne to men:

Her face the booke of praiſes, where is read,
Nothing but curious pleaſures, as from thenc
Sorrow were euer rackt, and teſty wrath
Could neuer be her milde companion.
You Gods that made me man, and ſway in lo
That haue enflam'd deſire in my breſt,
To taſte the fruite of yon celeſtiall tree,
(Or die in the aduenture) be my helpes,
As I am ſonne and ſeruant to your will,
To compaſſe ſuch a bondleſſe happineſſe.

Anti. Prince *Pericles.*

Per. That would be ſonne to great *Antioch*

Anti. Before thee ſtands this faire *Heſperi*
With golden fruite, but dangerous to be tou
For death like Dragons heere affright thee h
Her face like heauen, enticeth thee to view
Her countleſſe glory, which deſert muſt gain
And which without deſert, becauſe thine eye
Preſumes to reach, all the whole heape muſt
Yon ſometimes famous Princes like thy ſelfe
Drawne by report, aduenturous by deſire,
Tell thee with ſpeechleſſe tongues, and ſemb
That without couering, ſaue yon field of ſtar
Heere they ſtand martyrs, ſlaine in *Cupids* wa
And with dead cheekes aduiſe thee to deſiſt,
For going on dearhs net, whom none reſiſt.

Per. Antiochus I thanke thee, who hath tau
My fraile mortality to know it ſelfe,
And by thoſe fearefull obiects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I muſt:
For death remembred, ſhould be like a Myrr
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to truſt it error
Ile make my will then, and as ſicke men do,
Who know the world, ſee heauen, but feelin
Gripe not at earthly ioyes, as erſt they did;
So I bequeathe a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as euery Prince ſhould do